

Chicken.

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CHARACTERS

CHRIS, anywhere from late thirties to late fifties, male, jonesed.

MIRANDA, late twenties, female, overworked.

JOE, mid twenties, male, really good guy.

REEVE, late twenties, male, bro'd-out.

SETTINGS

MIRANDA'S apartment.

THE STREET.

THE BAR.

REEVE'S apartment.

All in some medium city, somewhere in America.

TIME

Now.

NOTE

Everything happens fluidly. Don't stop.

SCENE ONE

Spot on CHRIS, anywhere.

CHRIS

The first time that I left it wasn't even that hard. I think after a lifetime of that kind of pollution, the traffic and the lights and the horns and the rats running over your feet -- even if your lifetime is only twenty-some odd, even if you're only counting your adult life, I mean, four years of that is enough. It's enough to make you lick up the quiet like soft serve, melting in the sun on an August street. But there are no streets, when you leave. You're alone in the desert as far as your bicycle could get you and after that as far as your feet would take you and after that the closest place you can pitch a tent. And slowly you get used to the quiet, you don't need to lick it up anymore because it's not going anywhere and it's in no danger of melting entirely away. You have time. You can make the tent a shack, and then the shack a shed, and then a house. And you brought enough matches and your closest neighbor trades you tobacco for bars of soap, you don't jump at the sound of a tractor, the horizon goes on forever and they'll always see you coming. There's nothing to fear. And that's the problem, really. It's nice at first, it's necessary at first, like a year of sleep after years of speed and methamphetamines. But then you're awake for longer and longer stretches of time, and there isn't enough to fill that, you couldn't fill a teaspoon with the things I did in a day. After a while you have to go back, because it's too much, much too much, there's too much quiet, and it isn't at all enough.

SCENE TWO

Lights up on Miranda's apartment, morning. MIRANDA is sitting on the couch, on the computer, hair wet and pinned, face creased. She breathes measuredly, then stops. Then starts again. Her face is pained. Her fists clench. A quiet show of suffering for no one's benefit but her own.

JOE enters and she ceases immediately. He has just woken up. He sits down next to her, heavily.

JOE
Woof.

MIRANDA
Sleep?

JOE
Not enough. Never enough.

He puts his head on her shoulder. She doesn't break from the computer.

JOE
You sleep okay?

MIRANDA
Um... Probably.

He tries to take her hand. He takes her hand. She stops typing. He has her hand.

JOE
Good.

MIRANDA
Yup.

JOE
Mmmph. I just want to sleep forever.

MIRANDA
That would be a great thing.

JOE
Is today gonna be a good day?

MIRANDA

Um... Sure. I don't know. It'll be fine. A lot to do.

JOE

Didn't you do all the things yesterday?

MIRANDA

Always more things, babyloo. Always, with the things.

JOE

Bastards.

MIRANDA

I'll do it today.

JOE

Will you get in trouble?

MIRANDA

No. Nah. It's okay. If I give it 50% I'm good.

JOE

Yup. Hm. So tired.

She lets go of his hand.

JOE

Do I get to see you tonight?

MIRANDA

I'm not sure. I want to say -- yes?

JOE

What do you have?

MIRANDA

Well. Definitely, definitely something. Today's -- it's Thursday?

JOE

It's Tuesday.

MIRANDA

No, you're -- oh, yup. Yeah. Okay. Tuesday. It's definitely something. Interview?

JOE

This is why you need to use a calendar.

MIRANDA

No, I'm gonna remember. It's definitely a sticky date. There's something I'm supposed to be doing, with someone. At some point. Definitely, Tuesday, yup.

JOE

Okay. Maybe after?

MIRANDA

Okay. Well, wait. Where will you be? Wait, what time is it?

JOE

It's eight, now.

MIRANDA

Shit. Keep talking, gotta get ready.

JOE

Okay. Well, I get off work at eight. PM.

She brushes her teeth.

MIRANDA

Uh huh.

JOE

It's gonna be a long day.

MIRANDA

Why? What do you have?

JOE

There's a big conference, at the center. Nine to eight.

MIRANDA

They need you to run video and stuff?

JOE

No, I just need to set up for them.

MIRANDA

So why do you have to be there?

JOE

In case something goes wrong.

MIRANDA

So you're just gonna be fucking around on the internet all day.

JOE

Pretty much.

MIRANDA

God, I hate you.

JOE

I know. You're right. I am awesome.

She checks her computer. Spits. Starts putting her face on.

MIRANDA

Shit. It's gonna be a bad one.

JOE

Call in sick. You didn't sleep.

MIRANDA

Way too late for that. Besides, Doug's traveling.

JOE

He's a grown up. He can get on a plane by himself.

MIRANDA

I have to send him his schedule.

JOE

Couldn't you do that from here?

MIRANDA

No can do. He'll call.

JOE

Ugh. You're so important.

MIRANDA

I do not work in a children's hospital. No one dies when a publicist doesn't do her job. But, you know. I have to go. And sit there. For when he calls.

JOE

I know baby. I'll buy you a beer at the bar after. You wanna meet me and Reeve there?

MIRANDA

Sure. Yeah.

JOE

It'll be fun. You love Reeve.

MIRANDA

Okay. Well, I should be done by eight.

JOE

I'll just call you.

MIRANDA

Yes. Yes, calling. Oh! Because, I have to escort Doug to NBC tonight. That's what it is. And possibly another thing, I feel like it's a twofer.

JOE

It's a good thing you're good at your job.

MIRANDA

I know, right? That's why they pay me the medium bucks.

JOE

So are you gonna have to take him out after?

MIRANDA

Maybe. Yes? I think so. Or not. I might just have to put him on the train.

JOE

Okay. Well, I'll just call you.

The following is said flirtatiously, a game they've played before.

MIRANDA

You should just call me.

JOE

And then, uh, maybe, I could come over? Or something.

MIRANDA

I guess, yeah, that would be fine.

JOE

Hang out, whatever.

MIRANDA

Just you know, chill. Maybe uh, maybe we could watch something?

JOE

Cuddle on the couch, you know, no big thing. Whatever.

MIRANDA

Sure. Whatever. I guess I'd like that okay.

JOE

Yeah, I mean, it wouldn't be terrible.

MIRANDA

No, not that bad.

They kiss.

JOE

I like you alright.

MIRANDA

I think you're okay.

JOE

I hope you remember what you have to do.

MIRANDA

I'm sure I will. I'll call you when I know where I am.

JOE

I love you.

MIRANDA

I love you so much.

She leaves with her briefcase.

SCENE THREE

Still that morning. Miranda is walking quickly to work with her briefcase and she's going to cross the street, except Chris is standing in the middle of it.

MIRANDA

Excuse me... excuse me? Hey, are you... lost? Are you okay? Sir?

CHRIS

Nope.

MIRANDA

Not okay?

CHRIS

Not lost.

MIRANDA

Oh. Do you need some help?

CHRIS

No, I'm just taking it slowly. If that's okay.

MIRANDA

Sure. Here, I'll walk with you.

She takes his arm, like you'd help an old lady cross. But Chris doesn't move.

CHRIS

Pretty quiet street.

MIRANDA

Oh yeah. It's a pretty one, for sure. My favorite way to walk to work! Now, here we go.

CHRIS

This is a street, right?

MIRANDA

Mm hmm.

She starts to tug him a bit.

CHRIS

It's been awhile, that's all. You're sure this isn't a road?

MIRANDA

Oh. You mean, the name?

CHRIS

How else can you tell if it's a street?

MIRANDA

Well, then, technically, it's a lane. Maple Lane.

CHRIS

Oh. That explains a lot.

MIRANDA

Yeah, I always wonder if they planted the trees after they named it or --

CHRIS

There haven't been any cars.

Miranda starts to let go of Chris.

MIRANDA

How long have you been trying to cross, here?

CHRIS

Oh, I've been here definitely long enough. That there would've been a car.

MIRANDA

Should I -- do you have, um, a condition? Is there, some medicine you need, or?

CHRIS

No. No, I'm definitely right. It was dark and then it was very bright, because it wasn't dark anymore, and now it's daylight colored. So it's been enough time. For sure now.

MIRANDA

Maybe I should call your doctor?

CHRIS

I don't have a doctor.

MIRANDA

Or, your wife, or, maybe a home of some sort?

CHRIS

Why would I have a doctor? No one has a doctor that they can just call, like that. Do you have a doctor like that?

MIRANDA

No. I think he forgets who I am each time.

CHRIS

Yeah, see, that's normal. Why would my doctor remember me?

MIRANDA

Well, sir, I don't want to be rude, but, whatever your condition is, it seems to be -- if you haven't been able to move all that time --

CHRIS

I could move. I should probably move, huh?

MIRANDA

Yes. I have to go. You'll be alright?

CHRIS

I could move. Probably.

Miranda starts to walk away. Chris continues to stand in the street. She turns back.

MIRANDA

I can't just leave you here.

CHRIS

Why not?

MIRANDA

It's wrong. And I'll be worried about what happened to you all day.

CHRIS

Oh. I'm okay with that. That's kind of nice.

MIRANDA

Well, I'm not okay with it. I already have plenty of people I'm paid to worry about.

CHRIS

You should probably go care about them, then. I can't pay you.

MIRANDA

Care? Oh, no. They don't pay me enough to care about those assholes. They're terrible people. Hence, I worry.

CHRIS

I see. Should I move, then? I promise I'm not an asshole.

She takes his arm again.

MIRANDA

If you feel you can, that would be great, but you shouldn't strain yourself.

CHRIS

Thank you. I think I'll try.

MIRANDA

Can you move your right foot? We can start with the right foot.

CHRIS

Oh sure. I can do that. Where's the closest street?

MIRANDA

We're right between Ann Road and Hillcrest.

CHRIS

Hillcrest Street?

MIRANDA

No. Avenue? I think it's just Hillcrest. Like, crest is a, way or -- maybe it's Hillcrest Way, actually.

CHRIS

I need to get to the nearest street.

MIRANDA

Mm hmm. Come on now. Lean on me. Right foot --

CHRIS

Hey Miranda?

MIRANDA

Yes?

CHRIS

I think there's a car coming.

MIRANDA

Oh. I can't see it --

CHRIS

Behind the ridge. It won't see us.

MIRANDA

Okay, let's hurry. Right foot --

CHRIS

That's why I picked it. I didn't know it was a Lane.

MIRANDA

Wait.

CHRIS

Okay.

MIRANDA

How do you know my name?

You can hear the car now. It's close.

CHRIS

Of course I know your name, Miranda. That was the first thing I did, was find out your name.

MIRANDA

Why -- who are you?

CHRIS

Chris.

MIRANDA

Come on. A car's coming.

CHRIS

Yes.

MIRANDA

Come on! Chris, come on! Move! This isn't funny --

She pulls and pulls, and he won't move. The car's upon them. Miranda screams.

Blackout.

SCENE FOUR

The lights come up slowly on Miranda in her office. She is trying to slow her breathing, to calm down. She breathes, stops, breathes. Clenches her fists. Her routine from the morning, sped up and agitated. The phone rings.

She stares at it for a moment before answering, her posture changing drastically, taking notes. She is speaking to someone but she is also speaking to the audience.

MIRANDA

Publicity, this is Miranda. Hi, Karen. What can I do you for? Uh huh. Of course. Of course I can do that. Yes, that's an inconvenience I will happily undertake. Because it's the easiest thing I do, answer the phone. Rather than call you, Karen. Because you never answer, when I call you, Karen. Karen. Listen. This is what I do for a living: every day, I pick up the phone and call one of the people who dictate what the rest of us talk about at cocktail parties. Editors, reporters, producers. Reporters are always fun, they hate me the most. And when they pick up I say "hello. Have you met me yet?" And the answer is often no, or I'd rather forget. And I ask "would you like to meet me now?" And it's no, and I understand, you're busy, who has the time, but if you have just a minute, would you like to meet this other person? They're much better than me, much smarter, they know much more, and I'm arranging the handshakes for the moment. Would you like to meet them? They could talk to you about anything, really, and you won't have to write that story today, or you could write less of it, because I've written it for you, here, with this fantastic person I'd love to introduce you to. Here are the speaking points. Here are the news hooks. Here is the way they will make your life easier. And fifty times it's still no, rather not, please don't, have to go. But that one time that it works, I get to stop making calls for a bit and type up schedules instead, of how and when and where to meet. And that's a nice change. I spend almost all day listening to people tell me they don't want to speak to me right now. I hope you can see how that would upset a person, over time, even though it's nothing personal. I mean, I know it's not personal. But every day I call up strangers I've never seen and ask, "would you like to know me?" And they say, "no. But what else you got?"

Miranda holds the phone away from her and stares at it for a beat. She hangs up, carefully, rises, and exits.

SCENE FIVE

The street outside Miranda's place of work. Chris is waiting for her.

CHRIS

You failed the test.

MIRANDA

Test? What test? If I'm on TV right now, I swear to god --

CHRIS

Oh, no. It's a very real-life test. How can you tell if someone is sane?

MIRANDA

You --

CHRIS

They run away, immediately, when some strange man puts their life in danger.

MIRANDA

How dare you --

CHRIS

And they don't continue to seek out that which terrifies them.

MIRANDA

Who's seeking? I'm just getting rid of a problem.

CHRIS

That's very kind of you, but I don't have any problems.

MIRANDA

No, you're too busy causing them for me. How dare you come to my place of work --

CHRIS

I'm just standing on a sidewalk. No law against standing on a public sidewalk.

MIRANDA

Loitering.

CHRIS

The original victimless crime.

MIRANDA

This has a definite victim. The woman you almost killed this morning.

She raises her hand.

CHRIS

I think it's going to rain.

MIRANDA

You need to leave right now.

CHRIS

I don't know. At least there's an awning.

MIRANDA

Chris --

CHRIS

God, you must be a great publicist. The remembering of people's names. So comforting. So personal.

MIRANDA

Chris. I don't want to be the asshole here.

CHRIS

Miranda. You are just, great at this.

MIRANDA

I'm not great at being an asshole.

CHRIS

No, you're great at deflecting. That's pretty important.

MIRANDA

Oh yeah? I'm glad you've got such a great attitude. You'll need it where you're going.

CHRIS

You're not going to call the cops.

MIRANDA

What makes you think I haven't already?

CHRIS

Then you sure as hell wouldn't be down here talking to me. Pokes all kinds of holes into you story.

MIRANDA

My story? I'm simply reporting --

CHRIS

If you had wanted to call the cops, you would have called them, stayed upstairs, and Sean the security guard would already be here telling me where to go.

MIRANDA

I'm going upstairs right now.

CHRIS

No, you're not. See, that's exactly what you're trying to avoid here. If you wanted to be upstairs, you would have stayed there and called aforementioned cops. But where's the fun there? The most they would have needed from you is a quick statement on your lunch break. Done. No, instead, better to come down, talk to me yourself, get really riled up, go back upstairs breathless and upset, then make a big show of calling the cops. Then take the day off on account of all the stress. Days of sympathy and long smoke breaks.

She stares for a beat.

MIRANDA

Okay.

CHRIS

Okay?

MIRANDA

Fine. So talk. Let's keep this courteous. What is it that I can do for you?

CHRIS

I want you to come with me.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry, but I can't.

CHRIS

Because you're at work?

MIRANDA

Yes. That's the first reason.

CHRIS

Okay. I'll pick you up at five.

MIRANDA

There are other reasons, too.

CHRIS

There are always reasons not to do something, Miranda.

MIRANDA

Did you read that off of an embroidered pillow or something?

CHRIS

Let's keep this courteous. What other reasons are there?

MIRANDA

You're telling me to keep this -- fine. I don't get off at five, for starters.

CHRIS

You start at nine.

MIRANDA

And I stay til seven.

CHRIS

No you don't.

MIRANDA

Mostly eight.

CHRIS

That's not right. What time do you ever have to yourself?

MIRANDA

Very little.

CHRIS

Geez. Do they pay you overtime, at least?

MIRANDA

No. Non-exempt.

CHRIS

That's criminal.

MIRANDA

Chris, where do you even want to go?

CHRIS

I was going to let you lead the way.

MIRANDA

Oh, God. I think maybe I should go back inside.

CHRIS

I'm giving you a compliment!

MIRANDA

You're giving me the creeps.

CHRIS

That's not the nicest thing you've ever said.

MIRANDA

Well, listen to yourself! Let me lead the way? What, the lamb leads itself to the slaughter? Jesus. I get to pick my own place to die? No. No, screw this. Get out of here right now.

CHRIS

I can't.

MIRANDA

Well, then let me help you. The boys in blue will be here soon. Fuck the short statement.

She starts to go upstairs.

CHRIS

When I followed you yesterday, it was like following in the footsteps of a prodigy.

MIRANDA

(turning back)

What did you say?

CHRIS

It was like playing a ghost piano programmed by Mozart. You'd duck back out of sight faster than I could confirm it was you again.

MIRANDA

What does that have to do with me?

CHRIS

I'm saying I want to follow you.

MIRANDA

You've been doing a great job of it so far.

CHRIS

I mean out into the streets. The alleys. The thruways, highways and byways of this land.

MIRANDA

You're serious. You think I'm like, the patron saint of chicken.

CHRIS

I do.

MIRANDA

Well, I'm not. Look around. This city? Not well planned. No grid system. Lots of valleys and hills, lots of hairpin turns. You've reached your holy land. Go forth, Pilgrim. My lack of pedestrian safety? Has nothing to do with me.

CHRIS

You really think that little of yourself, don't you? It has everything to do with you.

MIRANDA

I don't do anything a thousand other faceless yuppies couldn't do.

CHRIS

You're wrong.

MIRANDA

Ha. Yeah. Pretty often.

Miranda lights a cigarette, offers one to Chris. They smoke.

CHRIS

Miranda?

MIRANDA

Hm?

CHRIS

Why do you want to avoid going upstairs so badly?

MIRANDA

Because smoking a cigarette with a crazy homeless guy hellbent on his own death by my hand is still better than work.

CHRIS

Oh. Yes, I could see that.

MIRANDA

I mean, you're crazy. Possibly dangerous, but I'm not getting that run run run as fast as you can feeling, so I'll risk it. You think I'm some kind of prodigy. They think I'm a mindless flack.

CHRIS

Flack?

MIRANDA
Publicist.

CHRIS
Oh. But that is what you do, right?

MIRANDA
Yeah.

They smoke.

CHRIS
I'm not homeless, you know.

MIRANDA
I'm sorry.

CHRIS
No, it's okay. I can see how you would assume that. I'm very far from home.

MIRANDA
Where's home?

CHRIS
I'm not sure. Very far away though. It took me a long time to get here.

MIRANDA
Why did you leave?

CHRIS
Hm. Well. Do you ever feel, when you do the things you do -- the ones you do every day. Brush your teeth. Sit in your chair. Talk to Edmund.

MIRANDA
Edmund?

CHRIS
He's my neighbor. Sort of.

MIRANDA
Okay.

CHRIS
When you do these things, that you've always done before, you start to feel like -- like you're climbing down into a hole.

MIRANDA

Are you?

CHRIS

Not really. But there's a persistent feeling of descent. And when you get up from your chair to make a meal, or go to bed, moving just from one spot to another -- you're clambering out of a hole, pulling yourself up one elbow at a time, wiggling out onto your belly, just to climb into another hole.

MIRANDA

Wash your face. Watch TV. Go to bed.

CHRIS

Microwave a burrito. Clean your fingernails. Yes.

MIRANDA

And even when another person is there, like Edmund, they're not in the hole with you.

CHRIS

No. You're just poking your head out. And what used to be, you know, human company. Just a conversation. Something you never used to even think about. It becomes so stressful. It's such a strain.

MIRANDA

Because you're in the hole. And they're not there with you.

CHRIS

Right. And every day you climb back into the hole. Waking up in bed, you're waking up in a hole. You can only see a round moon of sky at a time.

MIRANDA

Yes. I know what that feels like.

CHRIS

I thought you would.

MIRANDA

So you left?

CHRIS

So I came back. I left the city in the first place to avoid doing it again.

MIRANDA

Doing what?

CHRIS

What we did this morning.

MIRANDA

And yet, here we are. Barely.

CHRIS

I don't want to die, Miranda. I just want to get out of the hole.

MIRANDA

And playing chicken, risking your life by playing in traffic. That takes you out of the hole.

CHRIS

You know that.

MIRANDA

You do realize how ridiculous that sounds if you're not fifteen.

CHRIS

We could live our whole lives, if we wanted to, without ever risking them. There are so many ways to avoid danger. Work in an office. Only drink from bottles or cans that you've opened yourself. Exercise five days a week. Check yourself for irregular mole growth every three months. Look both ways when you cross the street. We can go our whole lives without building a fire, or hunting, or creating a shelter from the rain. Those are recreational, for summer vacations. Camping. We can choose to never know what it feels like to save our own lives. By our own hand. By our sheer reflexes. But we should. Because it feels --

MIRANDA

Incredible.

CHRIS

Doesn't it?

MIRANDA

Yeah. I hate to admit that. But it feels like -- it feels like a special day.

CHRIS

And it's like that every time. For less time, every time. But you feel special. You're not sinking. You're not clambering. You're floating. You just need to find the right spots.

MIRANDA

The right spots?

CHRIS

Like the ones you find. Like the ones you're always in, if you only knew. I could tell you. And you could show me. We could do it together. We could get out of the hole.

Miranda takes her cell phone out and begins to dial.

CHRIS

What are you doing? I'm not trying to make you feel threatened.

MIRANDA

It's not that. I just need to make a call quickly before we leave.

CHRIS

We're leaving?

MIRANDA

I'm going to take a vacation.

Blackout.

SCENE SIX

Lights up on REEVE and Joe sitting at a tall bar table, on stools, drinking beers.

JOE

She should be here by now.

REEVE

Tell me something I don't know, buddy.

JOE

I'm sorry. It's just -- it's getting late.

REEVE

Would you rather I left?

JOE

What? No. I just --

REEVE

I'm just starting to get the impression that you'd rather I weren't here.

JOE

Of course not. Reeve, I'm just worried. I know she'll be here soon --

REEVE

It's okay, I can take a hint.

JOE

No, I'm really sorry. I know you're going through a tough -- I'm listening. Okay? I promise.

REEVE

It's cool.

JOE

No, it's not. She'll be here soon. I'm just being ridiculous. Please. Continue.

REEVE

If you're sure.

JOE

Please.

REEVE

I'm just saying I don't understand why I never knew about it. I've seen the divorce movies, and even if you look carefully -- I mean, they're not highlighting this shit, alright, there's all kinds of emotional like, entrenchment and usually therapy but I told her, I told Louise, you've put me through all the therapy I'll ever need in my life, okay, I don't care if someone is a certified professional, I have spoken enough about my feelings to last me an eternity.

JOE

You mean you did go to couples counseling?

REEVE

Shit no, what am I -- could you listen, for one minute?

JOE

Okay.

REEVE

She wanted to talk about feelings, I talked about them. I used "I" statements and all that crap, okay, she had enough self-help books to start her own practice and you know where we got? Nowhere. Damn right I'm not going to any couples counseling, where we'll do the same thing we're doing right now, let's read aloud from the exercises in Chapter Four, only then we're paying some dipshit elbow-patched crackpot with a fern in his office to do it with us.

JOE

So you didn't go.

REEVE

I fucking hate ferns, Joe.

JOE

They're the oldest plants we still have, did you know that? There were ferns growing alongside the dinosaurs.

REEVE

Who the fuck cares?

JOE

Miranda told me.

REEVE

Yeah, I bet she did. Louise told me all the time. "I told you." "I done told you that, Reeve." "I said I don't feel loved or taken care of." Buckets of things I never told her and she wants to go see some guy with a fern in his office so I can learn to parrot. No thanks. Serve me the papers and I'll happily sign them, thank you. I've been therapized beyond the point of caring. I guess that's the point.

JOE

Okay. So you're not going to go to therapy.

REEVE

No. And I don't care what her lawyer says.

JOE

Yeah. I bet he has a fern in his office too, huh?

REEVE

Joe, what are you smoking? He's a lawyer. He makes more money than God. Take this seriously, would you? I'm trying to tell you something here. You're being kind of a dick right now.

JOE

Use your "I" statements, Reeve.

REEVE

What "I'm" telling you is, this is the stuff they show in the movies. Divorce going down, everyone goes to therapy --

JOE

Not you.

REEVE

-- no, this is real life. But the thing that makes sense, that they don't show but I bet happens every single time?

JOE

She takes the dog?

REEVE

The sex is fucking fantastic.

JOE

The what?

REEVE

It's like we're in high school again. Sneaking out of class to the bleachers --

JOE

You're having sex on school property? Reeve, you're gonna need that lawyer for more than just the --

REEVE

Oh, no. That's just what it feels like, you know? She comes over to pack up her mother's china, I claim the gravy boat, she throws the china, I break the gravy boat, and then we're just -- blammo. Missionary on the sofa and we don't change positions once and she doesn't even take her bra off and it's like --

JOE

How am I missing this?

REEVE

-- it's like heaven, Joe. I don't know why they don't show this in the movies, people need to know.

JOE

No, I mean literally, how am I missing this? I've been sleeping on that sofa, Reeve!

REEVE

Well, we're not doing it when you're there. Kinda ruins the mood.

JOE

Unlike breaking china.

REEVE

Dude. You have to try it.

JOE

That's -- are you putting a towel down, at least?

REEVE

For the breaking?

JOE

On the sofa.

REEVE

We flipped the cushions for you.

JOE

Well. Thanks, I guess.

REEVE

Every time. Looking out for you.

JOE

But if you're flipping them after every time, that means you're getting both sides of the --

REEVE

Man, what does it matter? You're at Miranda's most nights anyway.

JOE

True. But I'm not living there.

REEVE

I mean this in the nicest way possible, but, "I feel," you're not living with me either.

JOE

You're right.

REEVE

"I know." "I am."

JOE

Listen, if it's -- if you and Louise are, you know. If you need time, if you're going through a reconciliation --

REEVE

Oh hell no. That bitch is getting her mail forwarded and not a dime from me. I'm just saying, why don't you just move in with Miranda?

JOE

The commute is too far. I mean, they hired me because I'm close enough to pick things up at a moment's notice. I would lose work.

REEVE

But you're on contract. I mean, they can't break that because you move, right?

JOE

Yeah, but all my friends are near here.

REEVE

Joe.

JOE

Yeah?

REEVE

I'm your friend.

JOE

I know, buddy. And I really appreciate you letting me stay --

REEVE

No, I'm your only friend. And I promise, I will drive an extra five minutes to see you. Probably.

JOE

Look, her rent is really high.

REEVE

You'd be cutting it in half.

JOE

I know. I just. I can't afford that half. Okay?

REEVE

Really?

JOE

I'm gonna find a place soon.

REEVE

I know, bud. Don't worry about it. You're welcome to stay as long as you need. Just let me know if you're gonna be home tonight so I can tell Louise not to come over for the photo albums.

JOE

Thanks.

REEVE

Mi casa es su casa.

JOE

I think I'm at Miranda's tonight anyway. If she ever calls me. If she ever gets here. I hope she's not mad at me about something.

REEVE

Dude, if she's not already? I recommend getting into a huge fight about personal property.

JOE

Thanks, but we're good.

REEVE

Nice.

JOE

Not like that -- I mean, yes, she's a genius in the sack, but. Okay, yeah, like that.

REEVE

I believe it man. She must be a wildcat.

JOE

You spend a lot of time thinking about Miranda in bed?

REEVE

Oh, yeah. But also, you know. The crazy ones, they're always the ones you want between the sheets. And she is crazy.

JOE

She is not.

REEVE

Oh yes she is.

JOE

Hey, Reeve? "I feel," you're projecting your weird divorce-sex fetishes onto my very sweet and sane girlfriend. She's not crazy. I mean, we've never even fought.

REEVE

Okay, you can't think like that. You've never fought because you're not a fighter.

JOE

I fought with Riley. All the time. Remember?

REEVE

Her name was Riley. She was crazy.

JOE

And Miranda's not.

REEVE

Yeah. She is.

JOE

How is she even remotely crazy?

REEVE

On a girl scale, for you, okay sure. She's totally sane. But she's also a workaholic, and never around, and kind of crazy. Not like, pick a fight crazy. But you know. She's not, reliable. Okay?

JOE

Not okay. What makes you think she's not reliable?

REEVE

Seriously? You don't even know where the fuck she is --

JOE

I probably forgot something. She probably told me.

REEVE

Okay. That's the tip of the iceberg, anyway. Why aren't you moving in?

JOE

I told you, I --

REEVE

"I" just don't think she's ever gonna feel as strongly about you as you feel about her. And you deserve that.

JOE

You just don't know her. When we're alone --

REEVE

Alone, naked in a bed, I'm madly in love with Louise too. But if a woman can't show that love to you in front of your best friend, at least --

JOE

That wasn't fair. Okay. She was in the middle of a tour --

REEVE

I know. And I'm really looking forward to seeing her relaxed, and into you, and not asking you to make excuses for her. I've just never seen that.

JOE

You're wrong.

REEVE

I hope so.

JOE

I'm gonna call her real quick.

REEVE

Come on, Joe, I'm sorry. You don't have to do that. Look, we'll just watch the game.

JOE

She should be here already, Reeve. And apparently, since I'm the reliable one in our relationship-according-to-you, I'm gonna call and make sure she's okay.

He calls. No answer.

REEVE

Busy signal?

JOE

She's working. She's probably just dropping someone off. She'll call when she's done.

REEVE

Cool.

JOE

She's not going anywhere. You should probably get used to that.

REEVE

For sure, dude. Just looking out for you. I like Miranda a lot. I'm glad you guys are happy. Don't go to couples counseling.

Joe redials. Blackout.